How like a younger or a prodigall,
The skarfed Barke puts from her natiue bay,
Hugd and embraced by the ſtrumpet winde,
How like the prodigall doth ſhe returne
With ouer-weatherd ribs and ragged ſayles,
Leane, rent, and beggerd by the ſtrumpet wind?

Enter Lorenzo.

Sal. Here comes *Lorenzo*, more of this hereafter.

Lo. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode
Not I, but my affaires haue made you waite:
When you ſhal pleaſe to play the theeues for wiues
Ile watch as long for you then: approch,
Here dwels my father *Iew.* Ho, whoſe within?

Ieſſica aboue.

Ieſſ. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit Ile ſweare that *I* do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo and thy loue.

Ieſſ. Lorenzo certaine, and my loue indeed,
For who loue I ſo much? and now who knowes
But you *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?

Lo. Heauen & thy thoghts are witnes that thou art

Ieſſ. Here, catch this Casket, tis worth the paines,
I am glad tis night you do not looke on me,
For I am much aſham'd of my exchange:
But loue is blinde, and louers cannot ſee
The pretty follies that themſelues commit,
For if they could, *Cupid* himſelfe would bluſh
To ſee me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Deſcend, for you muſt be my torch-bearer.

Ieſſ. What, muſt I hold a Candle to my ſhames,
They in themſelues goodſooth are too too light.
Why tis an office of diſcouery, Loue,
And I ſhould be obſcur'd.

Lor. So are you ſweete,
Euen in the louely garniſh of a boy,
But come at once, for the cloſe night

Doth

Doth play the run-away,
And we are ſtaid for at *Baſſanios* feaſt.

Ieſſ. I will make faſt the doores, and guild my ſelfe
With ſome mo ducats, and be with you ſtraight.

Grat. Now by my hood, a Gentile and no Iew.

Lor. Beſhrew me but I loue her hartily,
For ſhe is wiſe, if I can iudge of her,
And faire ſhe is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true ſhe is, as ſhe hath proo'ud herſelfe,
And therefore like herſelfe, wiſe, faire and true,
Shall ſhe be placed in my conſtant ſoule.

Enter Ieſſica.

What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away,
Our masking mates by this time for vs ſtay. *Exit.*

Enter Anthonio.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior *Anthonio.*

Ant. Fie, fie *Gratiano*, where are all the reſt?
Tis nine a clocke, our friends all ſtay for you,
No maske to night, the winde is come about,
Baſſanio preſently will goe aboard,
I am glad on't, I deſire no more delight
Then to be vnder ſayle, & gone to night. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia with Morrocho, and both their traines.

Por. Goe, draw aſide the Curtaines, and diſcouer
The ſeuerall Caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choiſe.

Mor. The firſt of gold, who this inſcription beares,
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gaine what many men deſire.
The ſecond ſiluer, which this promiſe carries,
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerues.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chooſeth me, muſt giue and hazard all he hath.
How ſhall I know if I do chooſe the right?

Por.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22297) LONDON, 1600 [1619] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.31) Octavo